

AN
EPISTLE

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ

[Price Two Shillings.]

1773

FRONTISPIECE.

NATURE, leaning on the Sarcophagus of *Shakespeare*, crowns
GENIUS with Laurel, for guarding her most exquisite Fruits
(plac'd on an Altar, decorated with *Theatrical Emblems*) from the
Rapaciousness of the Harpies of Envy, &c. &c.







AN

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10

EPISTLE

TO,

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

By E. LLOYD, M. A.

Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes

Infra se positas —

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR: And sold by Messrs. RICHARDSON
and URQUHART, under the Royal Exchange.

MDCCCLXXIII.

ESTABLISHED

DAVID G. LARSON

THE PROVED

1871



LONDON:
Printed for the Trustees, Adlard & Co. Stationers
and Printers, under the Royal Exchange
MUSEUM

TO
THE
LORDS OF THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
AND
TO THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
THE
FOLLOWING
EPIGRAM
WAS
PRESENTED
BY
DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.
IN THE
YEAR
1769

EPIGRAM

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

WHEN from his dewy Throne, and penfile Bowers,
To the green Lap of Earth in genial Show'rs
Prolific Jove descends, all Germens spring,
Blythe are the Mountains, and the Vallies sing;
Benignant Nature smiles, and breathes perfume,
And all around is Paradise in bloom!

B

But

But 'tis on gen'ral Laws the God proceeds,
And, Flow'rs first cherish'd, not forgets the Weeds.
While Sharon's Roses purple o'er the Land,
The barren Thistle feels his fost'ring hand.

In these enlighten'd days, not less benign
The Sun of Learning deigns on all to shine ;
With gen'rous Warmth it nourishes the root
Of Genius, ripening into classic Fruit ;
In wasteful bounty too its beams are spread
O'er the dry region of a Dunce's head.
Those Summer rays that nectar'd Grapes produce,
Concoct the Hemlock's deleterious juice ;
So that bright Sun, prime Nourisher of Wit,
Which burns in Burke, in Lyttelton, and Pitt,
Obliquely glances on the leaden Pate
Of ev'ry babbling Blockhead of the State.

Many

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

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Many and great the Evils which have flow'd
From Blessings thus promiscuously bestow'd!
Oft have we seen with grief the blushing Rose
By pois'nous Neighbours mildew'd as it blows;
As often Genius in its vernal Bloom,
From Envy's Blight receives untimely Doom.

Among proverbial Saws by Wisdom seal'd,
Which by Truth's Oracles have been reveal'd,
Be this recorded—for 'tis Nature's Law—
Fairness will Foulness ever to it draw;
While Lust or Envy urge, with equal joy,
The Fiend to *ravish* Beauty, or *destroy*.

To find in this the Depth of Heav'n's Design,
For Metaphysic Heads be left—not mine.
Effences, Causes, Substance, Entity,
Be theirs—the beaten track of Facts for me.

Let

8 EPISTLE TO

Let us, my Roscius, freely let us rove
 Thro' Flora's gay Parterre, or thro' the Grove
 Where 'midst her mellow Clusters brooding's seen
 Pomona, fruitful Mother, Autumn's Queen;
 Where'er the Garden's winding leads our feet,
 Proofs of my Text on ev'ry Plant we meet.
 Or shou'd we range to City, Court, or Vale,
 No Spot we find, where new Examples fail.

Upon the fairest fruit Banditties throng
 Of Wasps, who sting and riot while they wrong,
 The downy Peach, the bloom-suffused Plumb
 Proclaim their wrongs with bleeding mouths tho' dumb;
 The deep intrenchment on the luscious Pear
 Shews that some greedy Spoiler has been there.
 Attentive let us view this pearly Rose
 Its Virgin Beauties to the Morn disclose;

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

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Its clasping foliage open'd to the Light,
Green-coated Gnats, almost too small for Sight,
Swarm Myriads-thick, like motes in solar ray,
On embryo Buds, and infant Leaves to prey.

The World of Letters more prepost'rous still,
Is but one Scene of Good pursu'd by Ill.
Dunces, like Owls, can only bear the Night,
No Crime so great with them, as being bright.
Genius and Parts to dullness give Offence,
And Blockheads hunt them down in Self-defence.

When Junius, bright with all Apollo's rays,
Beams on the Town a more than common Blaze,
All *Grub*-Street's up in Arms! its reptile breed
Of Worms that spell, and some that almost read,
Among the Laurels crawl which round him twine,
And *all* their Pow'rs to canker them combine;

C

But

But *chief* th' Arch-Critic Caterpillar—He
 So fam'd for Pride, long Words, and Pedantry!
 A thousand feet to move his vast Weight strive,
 A thousand feet! and half of them alive!
 But strive in vain! tho' on each foot the spur
 Of *Envy* goads th' unwieldy Worm to stir,
 Too little all to speed him on his way,
 Tho' all his hairs have Stomach for the Prey.
 A *Pension* now her golden Charms displays,
 The Siren conquers, and *old Grub* obeys.
 A *Pension* (and what cannot Pensions do?)
 Proclaim'd for him who shall this Foe subdue,
 Draws the long Reptile forth the War to meet,
 A Task too mighty for a thousand Feet!
 Onward he crawleth, like a gouty Snail,
 Cowards to fight, or Felons to a jail.

" *Vengeance is mine—th' Exchequer will repay,—*"

" And Vengeance shall be surfeited to day—

" *My Troop of Feet* shall wade thro' Junius' Blood,

" And N— triumphant stem the Crimson Flood."

—So vaunts *old Grub*—but all his menac'd harm

Ends in the Nothing of a *False Alarm*.

Th' illustrious foe he flavers with his Bile,

But acts, poor Worm! the Viper and the File.

When in the brilliant Circle of St. James,

Amelia's Beauties set the Court in Flames;

The Macaroni Butterflies beset

This Flow'r so fair, and wou'd without regret

Its whiteness blot, but Nature gave these Things

No pow'r to stain, except their mealy Wings.

Say then, my Roscius, while Apollo's Hand

Around your Temples twines a verdant Band,

Wou'd You excepted be from Nature's Law,
Retain your Honours, and no Envy draw ?
Wou'd You the Muses should your Genius clasp,
And shine Parnassus' Pride without a Wasp ?

Can You, I know you cannot, think it fair
To be Melpomene's, Thalia's Heir,
To revel in the favours of the Nine,
And wear the Wreathe, which they unite to twine,
From the coy Maids be favor'd with a kiss,
Feel the warm raptures of Pierian Bliss,
And yet forbid that *Envy's* Snakes shou'd hiss ?
While on a Sea of Glory thus You swim,
And Pleasure flows in Tides that drown the Brim,
Shall not the outcast floundering on the Beach,
Malign those Blessings which he cannot reach ?
Conscience, good ROSCIUS—Nature must prevail,
And 'tis the Wretch's privilege to rail.

What

What is't to You, tho' spleen-struck Bards prepare,
 And for the Worth that hurts them spread the Snare?
 From Dungeons dark and deep their Vipers call,
 Warm at their Heart, and feed them with their Gall;
 Give the sweet Creatures, like a fondling Nurse,
 Envy's Panado, and the Pap of Curse,
 Till with recruited Venom strong they feel,
 Then turn them loose at your Mercurial heel,
 What is't to You?—You still may laugh and sing,
 Despise the reptiles, and defy their sting.
 What tho' upon the Temple's sacred Walls,
 Brothel-Obscenity each Miscreant scrawls,
 Can such blaspheming documents of Sin,
 Pollute the Altar's Purity within?

While Envy's fever burns, the raving Bard
What or 'gainst whom he writes pays no regard,

D

With

With venom'd Heart he paints the vilest Crime
In vilest Words, and in the vilest Rhime ;
Delirious runs about the crowded streets,
And turns to *Pasquin's* Statue all he meets.
His Glafs inverts each object that he fees,
Tears from their Earth-bound roots the firmeft Trees,
The Top to Base converting—with a Tofs
St. Paul's it fixes on its golden Crofs ;
Makes topfy-turvy Tumblers upright tread,
Bishops and Judges walk upon their Head :
View'd thro' *his Glafs* the Eye of Heav'n's not bright,
But from the Glow-worm's tail fhould borrow Light ;
And if we judge by his reverfing rule,
A Blockhead *Lowth*, and *Shipley* is a Fool ;
Shakespeare wants Nature, learned * *Johnson* Art,
Brutus and *Wilkes* a patriotic Heart :

* The Reader is defired to obferve, that *Dr. Samuel Johnson* is not meant here—but *Old Ben*—as the Author would hold himfelf inexcufable if he was capable of bringing the former into *Shakespeare's* Company, fince the publication of his Edition of that immortal Bard.

A driv'ling Stammerer, no better, *Pitt*,
And *You* to cry fresh Oysters scarcely fit—
— At Merit thus his giddy Censures fly,
Till in the Flame of Truth, like Moths, they die.

Among the various Blessings Mortals know,
A worthy Friend we place, and worthless Foe;
No key a Character more truly shews,
Than rolls authentic both of Friends and Foes.
When with a Pen that blunts the Tooth of Time,
And gives to Merit everlasting Prime,
Some future Plutarch, great High-priest of Fame,
In her eternal Dome inscribes thy Name,
And decks it with such Plenitude of Praise,
That thy Shade almost bends beneath the Bays,
Wou'd'st Thou he shou'd a Nettle 'mong them blend,
And damn thy Fame with—*Bavius was his Friend?*

But

But let not Anger, hasty Judge, decree
 That all he did was done in Enmity;
 To Candour's Eye another look it wears,
Ill-Blood perhaps, and not *Ill-Will* he bears;
 His Verse may be the *Strangury of Wit*,
 And when the Rym'ster's in the burning Fit,
 'Tis writhing, straining, grunting, Groan, and Grin,
 Dæmoniac Symptoms of the Fiend within;
 Hard! after all his Pangs and Throcs, to think
 No drop of Wit was voided in his Ink!
 Wit or no Wit, he'll Satires write and write,
 Altho' he spoils this pretty Maxim by't,
 * "It's proper Pow'r to hurt each Creature feels,
 " Bulls aim their Horns, and Asses lift their Heels."

* Ut, quo quisque valet suspectos terreat, utque
 Imperat hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum,
 Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit— HOR. Lib. ii. Sat. i.

See POPE'S Imitation.

A simple Truth in Nature's earlier Day,
 And Man, Bird, Beast, each prov'd it in his way;
 Now the Reverse may be as truly said,
Bavius the Ass affails us with *his Head*,
 The Length of Ear that flouches from his Scull,
 For Horns he takes, and butts like baited Bull.
 Tho' all his *fancied terrors* shou'd be sped
 With tenfold Rage at thy devoted Head,
Envy's Career unheeded let him run—
 —A Pigmy's Breath cannot blow out the Sun—

Among the thousand Gifts on Men bestow'd,
 Though precious all, and worthy of a God,
 Supremely gracious is the firm defence
 Of CONSCIOUSNESS, assign'd to INNOCENCE—
 Secure in this impenetrable Shield,
 'Gainst the World's Malice Virtue takes the Field.

Legions of Dev'ls, with *Satan* at their head,
 Or *his Lieutenant Mendax* in his Stead,
 Their fiery Darts may hurl with fruitless Aim,
 Upon her *Ægis* dies each pointed Flame.
 How firm this *moral Shield* your Bosom knew,
 When *Slander's Quiver* was discharged at You.

If on a Master-work of Genius bent,
 Nature her choicest Qualities has lent,
 The Body form'd of Elements so wrought
 As almost give the faculty of Thought,
 The Soul with ev'ry Touch of ev'ry Mind,
 Impress'd so true, he is *himself Mankind* :
 When this accomplish'd Legate's sent to teach
Our Hearts to feel, what *Precept* cannot reach,
 While more Distress than real Suff'rings shew,
 His feeling Soul sustains from *fabled Woe*,

Shou'd

Shou'd peevish Fate, grown envious of his Fame,
It's Arrows point or at his Life or Name,
Where shall a Medicine so rare be found,
Of pow'r to salve the rankling of the Wound,
And soothe the Heart, to bleed for others prone,
But bleeding now with Sorrows of its own?
Doubly nectareous should the Verse distill,
In Streams melodious each poetic Rill
Shou'd num'rous flow, to give Lethæan rest
To the perturbed Spirit in his Breast;
But *Guilt* can never into Peace be sung,
Tho' with *Apollo's Hair* the Lyre were strung—
While *Innocence* not needs a Balm, like Sin,
And *You* that *conscious Witnesses* bear within!

Pleasant! to see how Envy's Self-defeat
Turns into Favour, what was done in hate!

The

The Nettles which the plants convert to Bays,
For Envy's Slander "is a kind of Praise."

The *Grubstreet Laureate* brands each honour'd Name
With yours, and thus *reviles* You into *Fame*.

A fellow-feeling spares the dim and dark,
And shining Merit's the devoted Mark,
At which he levels his envenom'd Darts;
Shew him but "Men of choice and rarest Parts,
"That each Particular of Duty know,"
That each Particular of Duty do;

Who Pillars to their Country daily prove,
And as they best deserve, enjoy its Love:
* A *Pair distinguish'd thus*, whenever seen
By *Zoilus*, throws the Wretch into the Spleen;

* If the whole Poem was not execrably dull, and offensively dirty, the Reader would be desired to peruse the *wretched Lines*, together with the *injudicious* and *illiberal Notes*, in *Love in the Suds*, on those eminent Bar-risters, *John Dunning* and *James Mansfield*, Esqrs.

His

His Talent at mistaking *Good* for *Evil*,
 In this a *Fool*, in that discerns a *Dev'l*.

Forgive the Muse that labours to adorn
 Your Head with *Roses*, if she add a *Thorn*,
 If with a gentle Hand one Fault she chide;
 One Giant Fault which Friendship cannot hide!
Audacious Garrick! in these touchy times,
 Where airy Dreams 'gainst Majesty are Crimes;
 What more than *Cromwell's Fire* cou'd Thee impell,
 'Gainst FLEET-DITCH' *jus stercorem* to rebell?
 That ancient Kingdom still maintains its Sway,
 And now is guarded by a *covered way*.
Its Monarch, seated on a Throne of Mud,
 Tribute receives from the polluted Flood;
 From *Scavengers*, his Treas'ry Lords, he takes
 Custom of common Sew'rs, and Toll of Jakes;

His Claim to these *his Writings* all declare,
 And leave to *Cloacine* a second share.
 When this *beluted Prince* politely begs
 Your kind Acceptance of some *rotten Eggs*,
Filth of all Sorts, and to improve their *Sweets*,
 Adds the rich Sweepings of *Gomorrha's Streets*;
 Shall thy fastidious Spirit dare refuse,
 And both the Giver and the Gift misuse?
 His well-bred Courtesy disdainful spurn,
 And talk of *Pillory* as the Return?
 —Ungrateful Garrick!—*but 'tis Time to breathe,*
And ere more Ink is shed, the Quill to sheathe—
 Soft ye—the *Muse* must now (her *Letter* penn'd)
 Like *other Ladies* with a *Postscript* end;
 Like *other Ladies* place the *Bus'ness* there,
 As stoutest Soldiers fortify the *Rear*.

POSTSCRIPT.

Once when the Fire-ey'd Regent of the Day,
 From *Sirius* shot to Earth a fervid Ray,
 The puny fluttering Insects of the Shade,
 Too weak to bear the radiant God display'd,
 A joint Remonstrance buzz'd—and to the Sky
 Sent their *high Wills* by the *Recorder-Fly*;
 “ Call forth thick Clouds this Fervour to abate,
 “ There's no enduring such transcendent Heat.—”
 The pert Demand of the remonstrant Fly,
 Drew from the God a Smile, and this Reply—
 “ —Flutter your Hour when to the *West* I'm gone,
 “ But pray, *great Sir*, excuse my shining on.—”

So Thou, bright Son of Merit, and of Fame,
 While thy Meridian darts its wonted Flame,

Scorching

Scorching the Eyes of *literary Gnats,*
Theatric Beetles, and be-doctor'd Bats,

Let these obscene dim Children of the Night,
Their Malice club to execrate *thy Light,*
Regardless of the Darklings, be it *Thine,*
With undiminish'd Lustre still to *Shine.*



Scorching